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MARCH, 1923

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CONTENTS

EDITORIALS

The School's Traffic	Agnes Thomson	4
Number Please!	Janet Burt	4
Our Winter Sports	Dorothy Cain	6
A Message from "The Pen"	Agnes Thomson	7
California and Its Missions	Frances Farrell	7
The Development of Wireless Telegraphy	Clarence Graves	9

LITERATURE

Mother Love	Rose Simkin	11
Jake Takes a Flyer—and a Cow	Agnes Thomson	13
A Book Review in the Flames	Herbert Wollison	15
The Berkshire School for Crippled Children	Charles Coyle	16

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

ALUMNI	20
--------	----

EXCHANGES

	25
--	----

ATHLETICS

	26
--	----

YE POLL PARROT

	28
--	----

36

EDITORIALS

The School's Traffic

Not until very recently have traffic conditions in P. H. S. excited any comment, regardless of the fact that the results derived from the new system are obviously deteriorating. Perhaps this condition is due to our leniency toward a new experiment, which, it seems, is not vital in its importance. But whether vital or not, lately the treatment of our project has produced a slightly dissatisfied whisper among pupils and teachers, a whisper which deserves a little discussion.

Soap-box orators are decidedly not in order nowadays; neither are lunch table agitators. The school wants no preachers, and moreover, needs none. Still if the significance of our traffic system is borne in upon most of us with a little more pith, so much the better for our responsibility concerning the school's traffic.

To be sure, we all agreed to the traffic proposition. Self-government provides a sure way to self-confidence, along with just self-pride in authority; and, which is most mutually beneficial, it displaces selfishness in favor of cooperation. Our greatest schools advocate this government; and the best results, individual and collective, come from an honor system school.

When we started this idea, teacher supervision was removed from the corridors. To be frank, our faculty is composed of the best of sports (with apologies to them for the classification) but we were, nevertheless, relieved to be left to our own devices. For a few days our former faultless order was maintained as usual; and then, well—all good dies young.

If we are to make the Pittsfield High spirit the overtopping one in our district, our team work must be as strong in dealing with ourselves as with outsiders. A word to the wise is sufficient; let's get rid of bad passing.

Agnes H. Thomson '23

Number, Please?

We like to know that a sense of fairplay is considered an admirable American quality. This involves the necessity for reserving judgment until both sides of the story are heard; and, as a nation of good sportsmen, we are pleased to listen to the pros and cons before we condemn.

Sometimes, however, during the hum of our daily lives, we become careless and criticize thoughtlessly. A frequent topic for querulous criticism is the telephone service. The operator is slow in answering; she appears to be inattentive; she gives an incorrect number.

Mechanical perfection is seldom obtained from a human machine. It is human to make mistakes. That is the telephone operator's side of the story.

A visit to a telephone exchange is a revelation to most subscribers. It is

only when you *see* the seventeen pairs of cords on each position of the switchboard in almost constant action, that you realize how easily a "cut-off" may occur. It is only when you *see* the tiny lights freckle the board during a busy hour, that you realize why the operators seem slow in answering now and then. Behind each tiny light is a voice, pleasant, courteous, harsh or cut, demanding immediate and accurate service.

Even a visitor, however, may not always be willing to excuse an incorrect number. Surely that is careless operating. Perhaps—but with the subscribers cooperation it might be remedied. Are you careful to differentiate between 9 and 5? Do you stress the 1 in 1780 so that it will not sound like 2780 or 780? Do you drop your voice at the end of a number and allow the operator to guess what the final figures are? Do you listen attentively when she verifies your number in order to correct a mistake?

"Isn't it the operator's fault," you ask, "when she rings my number by mistake?" I will use an illustration which seems to be an explanation for many such provoking incidents.

Mrs. A went to the phone one morning, to tell Mrs. B. about the club meeting that afternoon. She had given the number in response to the operator's crisp, "Number, please?" and had heard her ring once or twice. Suddenly she glanced out of the window. For heaven's sake! The baby was playing in the wet grass without his rubbers on! With a gasp, she slammed down the receiver and rushed out to save baby from pneumonia, or worse.

In the meantime, Mrs. B., who happened to be in the attic, heard the distant ring of the telephone. Immediately she left her work and came puffing down three flights of stairs and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Hello!"

"Hello!!"

Then, "Number, please?"

"You rang here!"

"There is no one on the line now, Will you excuse it, please?"

Slam!

You see, the operator who took Mrs. A's call had received the signal to disconnect when she hung up, and had released both lines. Another operator had answered Mrs. B's summons, and was therefore unable to give her a more satisfactory answer. Whose fault was it? Not Mrs. A's, who certainly couldn't let Baby catch cold. Not Mrs. B's, who answered her telephone's ring. Nor was it the fault of the operators, who merely did their duty.

It is human to make mistakes—and it is human to remember the one mistake and forget the countless examples of good service rendered. Day after day your toll operators handle calls to far cities, quickly and accurately. Calls which mean the saving of time, money and often life to the subscriber. Day after day your local operators help you in transacting business and in planning your good times.

It is human to make mistakes. Perhaps the telephone operator seems to

make more than her share. But remember! For the one wrong number, there are countless correct ones given. For the one slight courtesy, there are many times when she has been a friend in need. Though you may have to wait for the sound of her voice, yet it never fails to come. She has the "Voice with a Smile" and she weaves speech across the open spaces.

Janet E. Burt '21

Our Winter Sports

In summer, when the heat is so intense and everyone feels rather disinclined toward any sort of exertion, sports do not play an important part in our daily lives. With the exception of swimming and tennis, and perhaps one or two others, we indulge in very few.

But in winter our sports are steadily enjoyed. At the first fall of snow, even though it be so slight as hardly to be noticed by many, the school children are sure to find some spot fairly well covered; and there they congregate with their sleds, to slide until the last vestige of it has disappeared. But when the snow really comes—what fun there is in sliding! To go down steep hills so fast that one's heart fairly stops beating—to race with various other sleds on the same hill—and to tip over, scattering occupants anywhere within a radius of ten yards, no fun is considered better. What is more thrilling than to glide over the crusty snow on a toboggan, the icy particles flying up on all sides, serving to blind the riders and add a little more excitement? To bound over the bumps and strike the ground again with such a jounce that you do not recover the rest of the way down—and then the laughing and talking as the hill is mounted to start down again—these are some of the things that make sliding a favorite sport to so many Americans.

Another is skating. This is a sport that furnishes vast enjoyment to all, whether they be experts or novices. It is truly a pleasure hardly to be equaled, to glide over a smooth, glassy sheet of ice, the sharp wind bringing the glow of health and excitement to your cheeks. All the games played on skates are interesting and bound to offer enjoyment.

Then there are others who declare that skiing is the best of all our sports. Few games are more exciting, it is true. It is a real sensation to go skimming over fields and meadows, to say nothing of fences, with apparently no effort of your own. Unlike skating, however, skiing can not be enjoyed very much unless one is very well trained at it.

Snowshoeing is another popular sport. Equipped with these, one can go wandering through the woods as easily as on a July day, and everyone knows that there are few things more interesting than the woods in winter.

It is very fitting, I think, that most of our sports are enjoyed in winter, for at this time we are more heavily burdened with school and other difficulties, and, serving, as they do, to relieve and rest our minds, they are thus more appreciated by all of us.

Dorothy Cain '24

A Message From "The Pen"

Fellow Students, don't you realize it? The "Pen" is open for contributions! Does all thought for the "Pen" lie dormant until the magazine's very moment of distribution? If this attitude spread, involving everyone, there wouldn't be any "Student's Pen"! Perhaps some one has hinted that "Pen" space is reserved for the favored few—refuse to believe it. Glance at the contributory list, and be convinced differently. Don't say that you've never been asked; all around you the staff is howling for backers.

For the next issue write a story or a poem. You won't be ridiculed; the "Pen" takes care that you won't. Of course, we can't guarantee to publish everything that comes into our hands, but we certainly try to do justice to the best, while we still give everyone a fair chance. Especially, this next issue, be ready with your Literature and Poetry. Don't forget—now—your Literature and Poetry.

California and Its Missions

"That wonderful state of California! The state of many interesting old missions."

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Spanish throne, desiring to encourage colonization of its territory of Upper California, then unpeopled except by native Indian tribes, entered into an arrangement with the Order of St. Francis. By this arrangement that order undertook to establish missions in the new country, which were to be the "nuclei" of future villages and cities. According to the terms, the Franciscans were to possess the mission properties and their revenues for ten years, which was thought to be a long enough period in which to establish the colonies, when the entire property was to revert back to the Spanish government. But the Franciscans were left in undisputed possession for more than half a century.

The monk chosen to have charge of the undertaking was Junipero Serra, a man of piety and character, who in childhood had desired that he might be a priest. In the summer of 1769, he entered the bay of San Diego, two hundred and twenty-seven years after Cabrillo had discovered it for Spain, and one hundred and sixty-seven years after it had been surveyed and named by Viscaino. Within two months, Serra had founded a mission near the mouth of the San Diego River. From that time on, one mission after another was founded until twenty-one lined the coast from San Diego to San Francisco.

The mission properties soon became enormously valuable, their yearly revenues sometimes amounting to two millions of dollars. The exportation of hides was one of the most important items; and merchant vessels from our own Atlantic coast, from England and Spain went to the coast of California for cargoes.

The "padres" invariably selected a site favorable for defense, commanding views of entrancing scenery, on the slopes of the most fertile valleys, and convenient to the running water which was the safeguard of agriculture in a country of sparse and uncertain rainfall.

Over the peaceful valleys a veritable angelus rang. The bells of the mission

churches summoned the people to ceremonial devotion. Want and strife were unknown. Prosperity and brotherly love ruled.

But they also had their trials. Earthquakes which have been unknown to California for a quarter of a century were then not uncommon, and were sometimes disastrous. In the second decade of our century the dreaded earthquake upset the one hundred and twenty foot tower of the mission San Juan Capistrano and sent it crashing thru a roof upon a congregation of whom about forty perished. Those times, also, were lawless times in California. Pirates, cruising the South Seas in quest of booty, hovered about the coast, and then the mission men stood in arms, while the women and children fled to the interior canyons with their portable treasures. One buccaneer, Bouchard, repulsed in his attempt upon Dolores and Santa Barbara, descended successfully upon another mission and dwelt there for a time, carousing and destroying such valuables as he could not carry away. This was the same unlucky San Juan Capistrano, six years after the visitation of the earthquake. Then there was the political struggle after the rule of Mexico had succeeded to that of Spain. But the common people troubled themselves little with these last matters.

The end of the Franciscan dynasty came suddenly with the rejecting of the mission property by the Mexican government to replete the exhausted treasures of Santa Ana. Sadly the "padres" forsook the scene of their long labors, and the Indians, who had helped build the missions under the directions of the "padres", went into the forest; except those who had intermarried with the families of Spanish soldiers and colonists. The churches are now, for the most part, only decayed legacies and a reminder of a time which the world will never know again.

With the exception of only three or four missions, preserved by reverent hands, where modern worshippers, clad in American dress, still kneel and pray, the venerable ruins are forsaken by all except the tourist; and their bells are silent forever. But as long as one stone remains upon another, and a single arch of the missions stands, an atmosphere of consecration abides.

San Diego is the oldest mission; San Luis Rey, the most poetically environed; San Juan Capistrano, of most tragic memory; San Gabriel, the most imposing; and Santa Barbara, the most perfectly preserved. These missions lie comparatively near together.

One of the most interesting things to remember about the missions is the Mission Play, written by John Steven McGroarty, and staged in its own special theater at San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, in the shadow of old San Gabriel Mission. This play shows the early hardships, later triumphs, and final decline of the Franciscan missions. Fra Junipero Serra, Don Gasper de Portola, and other notables of that period are impersonated by competent actors, the cast numbering about one hundred persons. The mission play has three acts, the scenes being at San Diego in 1769, Carmel in 1784, and Capistrano in 1847.

California is an interesting state. Spaniards are plentifully encountered upon the streets, but are not distinguished by any peculiarity of attire. Upon the borders of the city are found the more vivid types; and there the mud hovel, thatched with straw, still exists.

Los Angeles was the first city in the United States to adopt electricity exclusively for its street lighting. Higgins says, "Los Angeles is a striking sight from one of the surrounding hills as the lights are turned on in the evening, twinkling like stars against the dark firmament."

The motion picture industry has brought California into prominence. Universal City, in the outskirts of Los Angeles, is the only city in the world, built solely for motion picture production. This magic place can be changed in a few days to conform to any nationality required as a setting. It can represent Athens, Rome, Paris, London and New York. In this city are housed thousands of employes, cowboys, Indians and actors. It has its own municipal government.

Nothing is more delightful in California than the wonderful wealth of flowers. In southern California flower carnivals are held at regular intervals in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and other cities. On New Year's Day, each year, Pasadena has maintained its Tournament of Roses, and has established a reputation for the most elaborate festival of this character.

California is a state well worth seeing and many live in the hope that some day they may have the opportunity of visiting it.

Frances Farrell '24

The Development of Wireless Telegraphy

Wireless telegraphy is only about twelve years old. In 1838 Steinheil demonstrated that the ground could be used as the return circuit of the telegraph line, making the first step toward the birth of wireless telegraphy. He anticipated that eventually the two wires would be discarded. Though a number of experiments followed this path after the death of Steinheil and many experiments were made, the only one which really pointed toward the development of wireless was that carried on by Preece. His apparatus consisted of two parallel conductors, the ground being used as a return circuit. At first the wires had to be as long as the distance to be covered; that is, if signals were to be sent two miles, the wires had to be two miles long and parallel to each other.

In 1888 Heinrich Hertz, a German scientist, who is recognized as the real founder of wireless telegraphy, startled the world by his experiments with the ether waves produced by the discharge of high tension currents. These waves are now called "Hertzian waves". The death of Hertz in 1894 robbed the world of a student who might have been an important factor in the development of Radio transmission.

The next experimentist who attracted the world's attention was Professor S. S. Popoff of the Imperial Torpedo School in Russia. He developed a device for detecting the approach of a thunderstorm by recording the lightning. He connected a wire from the lightning rod on top of a building to an instrument in his laboratory. The other connection was taken from the ground. The apparatus consisted of an electro magnet, the armature of which was attached to a Richard Pen writing on a Richard recording cylinder which made one revolution a week. It was possible to make marks on the cylinder at each flash of lightning at a

considerable distance. The apparatus was so sensitive that the ringing of an electric bell in the same room caused the pen to register.

Popoff stated that if there was a means of forming electric waves similar to those caused by lightning, wireless telegraphy would be an accomplished fact. To Popoff we owe two steps in the development of Radio; he was the first experimenter to use an aerial, which is indispensable for practical work even today; second, he recognized the possibility of applying wireless telegraphy to these experiments.

In 1895 Marconi, who had become interested in wireless, began experimenting at his father's estate near Bolgna, Italy, with the Heritzian waves; he soon abandoned this, however, in favor of the methods of Popoff. In the latter part of 1895, Marconi was able to transmit for a distance of one and one half miles using poles about twenty-five feet high, with sheets of tin suspended from them. He used for transmitting an induction coil to furnish the high tension current to form the spark. He had previously perfected a coherer which he employed for receiving in his experiment.

In 1896 Marconi went to England and began to draw the attention of the scientific world toward his experiments. By 1897 Marconi was able to cover nine miles, across the English Channel.

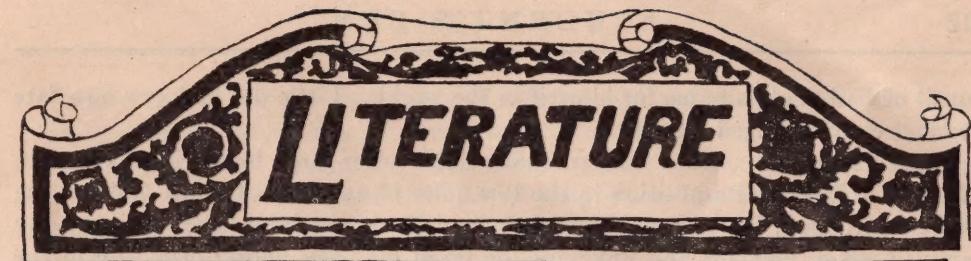
In July 1897 Marconi undertook demonstrations for the Italian Government at Spezia, Italy, and covered a distance of twelve miles between warships. In 1898 his apparatus was installed on the steamer, Huntress, for the purpose of reporting the results of the yacht races at Kingston Regatta to the Dublin Empress newspaper.

The experiments conducted at this time were so successful that many permanent stations were built for the corporation of Trinity House, England, to be used in connection with the lighthouses and lightships.

From 1898 until 1901 Marconi devoted himself to the perfection of tuned wireless transmission which he succeeded in developing to a working success. Next his attention was turned to trans-Atlantic wireless communications. In 1901 Marconi left England for Newfoundland. Here he succeeded on December 12, 1901, in receiving messages from Poldhu, England. The amount of power used, was from ten to twelve kilowatts, and the distance covered was 2,200 miles. Since no tuning apparatus was used, except the simplest of receiving apparatus, a coherer, and a telephone receiver, it was a remarkable feat that signals were received at so great a distance.

The effect of this experiment was to deepen the interest of radio enthusiasts and to awaken people everywhere to the possibilities of Radio. During the last few years it has developed by leaps and bounds, until the radio outfit is almost as common in the home as the Victrola. Marconi is known the world over as the wizard of wireless; and radio fans in every land are waiting eagerly for him to perfect the Radio phone, the next step in wireless transmission.

C. A. Graves '24



Mother Love

In a large brownstone house in one of the fashionable residential sections of New York, a very stormy family scene was taking place. Mr. Hastings, a wealthy stockbroker, was nervously pacing up and down the luxuriously furnished library. Bruce, his only son, for whom he had the greatest ambitions, was seated in an armchair, unhappy and dejected.

It appears that Mr. Hastings had suggested to his son the idea of getting married. "There is Mr. Cumming's daughter, Diana," he had said. "She is a well-educated girl of fine parentage, and it happens that at this time her father and I are engaged in a large business enterprise. The joining of the two families by marriage will aid me greatly. Also," he had added smilingly, "I know for a fact that she cares for you a great deal. Please consider this, Bruce. You will have plenty of time. Let me know within a few weeks."

Then the unexpected had happened. Bruce Hastings, the pride of his parents, had been forced to tell his father that he was already engaged to be married. He had met his future wife at a hospital, while visiting a sick friend, and on both sides there had been love at first sight. Bruce, knowing that his father would object to the union, because Rhea, whose parents were dead, supported herself by nursing, and her social position was not as high as his own, had persuaded her to become engaged to him secretly.

After this explosion it was no wonder that a stormy scene had followed. The father raged and fumed, but to no avail. An engagement was an engagement—there was no question about that.

But the pride of the Hastings must be considered. Many years ago, an ancestor of Bruce's had married below his social standard. He had been a lieutenant in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War, and had married a farmer's daughter, a sweet maid, but unpolished and uneducated. She had felt the hostility of her husband's family and had died of a broken heart.

Now, Mr. Hastings reflected, to avert such a tragedy, let his son depart from his house. Let him earn his living as his ancestors had done. Bruce had a college education, let him try to win his way in the world. And, the elder man decided, it would be a good trial to see what sort of stuff the boy was made of. Would he shirk his duty or tackle life with a will, and succeed?

So the father argued to himself and without many words being wasted, Bruce was informed of his father's attitude.

His temper, which had always been his greatest drawback, flared up and proudly Bruce Hastings told his father that he would never set foot in that house

until he had made a name for himself in the world. Little did he know how fate had already arranged his return.

Years passed. Bruce had gradually sunk lower and lower in the world. He had at first held a position in the law office of one of his friends. When the latter had failed, Bruce was jobless. So he drifted lower and lower until the day arrived when, haggard and unkempt, he faced his pale, poorly clad wife in the one dimly-lighted room that they both shared.

"It's useless to try to obtain work," he was saying, wearily, "since the war, there are so many who are left without work that it is impossible to find any way in which I can earn money."

"Never give up," Rhea encouraged him, as she had been doing three hundred and sixty-five days, so far, in every year. "I feel that all will turn out well." But these words had little effect on Bruce Hastings. He had heard them so often that they were accepted as a daily occurrence.

Then it was that Rhea took matters into her own hands. Daily she perused the Classified Ads in the papers, hoping that she might find some satisfactory work by which she could support herself and her husband until he found a job.

At last her patience was rewarded! It was an advertisement for a companion to an elderly lady. This was just the sort of work Rhea enjoyed. If she could only get the position!

But when she glanced at the address her heart sank—it was the address of Mr. Hastings, Bruce's father. Her pride rebelled at this.

Nevertheless, necessity compelled her to crush her pride and it so happened that on a clear sunny day, she was admitted to the manor of the Hastings.

She had dressed herself carefully for the occasion, spending her last few dollars, which she had earned by taking in some sewing, to present a neat, respectable appearance. Time and suffering had laid their marks upon her but not as heavily as one would imagine. Clad in a plain blue serge suit with immaculate white collars and cuffs on her stiffly starched blouse, no one would have thought her a poor, hardworking woman searching for work.

Her cheerful disposition won Mrs. Hastings heart immediately, and, using her maiden name, Rhea entered upon her new duties the next day.

Mrs. Hastings' health was very poor. She hinted occasionally that a family scandal had been the cause of her failing health. As it was, she was now unable to go about without a companion, someone with whom she might share her loneliness.

Slowly but surely, Rhea won her way into the heart of the lonesome mother. She became indispensable to the old lady, and had heard her exclaim many a time, "Would that my son had married someone like you, Rhea dear, instead of an unknown nurse who will never cheer me in my old age.

And Rhea would wonder if the time would ever come to pass when they might become reunited.

Occasionally she would hear from Bruce who had finally found employment in a factory. He had partly lost his late gloomy outlook on life and had even become interested in his work. Not many months later he was promoted to be the head of the sorting department in the Glendale Woolen Mills.

Once in a while the husband and wife would meet each other. On these occasions Bruce would devour every word Rhea would say about his mother whom he thought of constantly. His father's name was never mentioned, but Rhea knew that Bruce often thought of him, when his face would suddenly become rigid and fixed like a mask, and she could detect the stubbornness and pride that had always existed in the family.

It was on her return from one of her visits with her husband, that Rhea found Mrs. Hastings unconscious. She had been steadily failing. On that day she had, by chance, seen a picture of her son, in his football togs, when he had been captain of his team at college. The sight of him so stirred up her emotions that the strain had been too great and she had become unconscious.

When Rhea had seen her in that condition she promptly tried to revive her. Her efforts were not in vain, and soon Mrs. Hastings began to stir, murmuring Bruce's name.

This was the opportunity for which Rhea had been waiting. Now, if ever, she thought Bruce was needed by his mother. A telephone summons brought Bruce without delay. At the sight of his mother, all his pride and stubbornness vanished. He could only heed the call of his mother's love.

And when Mr. Hastings Sr. returned home soon after, he found a picture which he could not disturb. There, seated in front of an open fireplace was his wife, radiantly happy. Curled up at her feet was Rhea looking like a picture of happiness. But strangest of all to his vision was the sight of Bruce,—Bruce, his only son,—gently kissing the brow of his mother.

A sense of loneliness overcame the hardened old man, a feeling of remorse. Why should he not be included in this happy gathering? So, stealthily he crept in, scarce daring to breath lest the beautiful picture should fade away.

How he was received, it is needless to say. Suffice it, that Bruce repented of his hasty words. Mr. Hastings found out that there is a power in this world, called "Mother Love", that always wins out against social traditions and prejudices. And Mrs. Hastings discovered that her undying love for her son had brought him back to her, and had also given her Rhea whom she loved as a daughter.

Rose Simkin '24

Jake Takes a Flyer—and a Cow

Exceedingly angry, Mr. Todd walked into the dining room, scowled afresh, and set his cap upon the table with a decided thump. His long, lean frame seemed to his wife almost taut; and his face, usually kind and untroubled, was marred by a black expression of passionate disgust. Seldom could one reproach Mr. Todd for losing his temper; but this was assuredly a case of the lion let loose, and inquiry spread itself into Mrs. Todd's features when she glanced at her husband.

"Everything all right, Dad?"

Mr. Todd almost told his wife what he mentally said, that a simpleton would know that everything horrid had occurred. However, he never said anything of that sort to Mother, so he burst out vehemently: "Of course Uncle Jake is at it again. If I ever catch either him or that confounded cow of his on this place after this out, they'll both go at the point of the gun."

His wife controlled her curiosity and the flood of questions which crowded to her lips. "What has Jake been doing now, Father?" she questioned quietly. "You should think before you speak so hastily."

"Think!" a Connecticut farmer, stubborn and wrathful, stood before her. "Think! Why, when I thought to get that nuisance of a Jake a perfectly good fifty-dollar cow and then to give him his own pasture land for the animal, I guess I thought enough. Now I'm through—and if he isn't back to-night in time to get his cow away and feed it, why it can starve, and Jake can starve with it."

Mother Todd was in a quandary. Uncle Jake, Father's relation, always had been a trial, in trouble continually with either the neighbors, the help, or even Mr. Todd himself. Truth to be told, Mother was the only person, who took the patience to conciliate him, simply because Mrs. Todd in her kindness, was just Mrs. Todd. Now, she continued in the old dependant's favor.

"He'll be back, and then we'll make it up to him. I suppose you're trying to tell me that the two of you have been having trouble about that cow. The pasture land is no good in December, Father. Has Jake only tried to take another cow?"

"Quite opposite, he thinks I've stolen his cow. Imagine! his cow!" Father brought it out, with dreadful finality, "and he's gone to bring the sheriff!"

If the good lady felt little surprise at the announcement she did feel a presentiment of a strange turn of the tide. "And if Mr. Peters puts you in jail?"

"Then Jake will get his old cow out of this town forever!"

Both now were prepared for the crisis; and they were not deceived. Five-thirty brought irate Jake and dutious Mr. Peters. According to the usual procedure, Jake broke the silence and continued through the greater part of the conversation.

"Now, I don't want you people to think I'm trying to drown you out, or to influence Mr. Peters; but that cow up there in the barn is mine, and I can't have my citizen's rights trampled upon. You deliberately concealed that cow in the wood shed that you might sell it to-night to Andrews, Amos Todd, and Mr. Peters is here to prove it. I saw Andrews this afternoon and he said he was going to build a new cowshed; just going to replenish his stock from around the country. And you try to hide mine, eh! Well, I guess I'm here first."

Mr. Peters disliked preliminaries, and being a close student of the Sherlock Holmes methods took the situation in at a glance.

"You go up to the wood-shed, Jake, and have a look at the cow. Everything will be fixed up when you get back."

Poor Father, he a strictly law-abiding citizen felt that surely he would be punished for an unjust accusation, with the full penalty of the law.

But Mr. Peters turned to him, "Any cider, Amos? While the old tike's hunting up the animal, we'll have a drink. Its all safe enough. Tommy Andrews cooked the whole thing up so the old guy would be so mortified he'd give the entire community a rest for a while. We're all due a vacation, don't you think?"

To be sure Amos thought so, and when Jake returned, cow in tow, preparations were made for a general vacation, with the departure of Jake for healthier climes.

Agnes Thomson '23

A Book Review in the Flames

On a recent wintry evening, while seated in front of the old open-fireplace, I began to replace the logs and to encourage the little flames to burn more brightly. I told them not to be afraid of the roaring, whistling gale outside, which beat about the chimney top. Suddenly I became aware of person after person, peering at me out of the flames. Each person was different from the other; some had shaggy locks and bagging pants; others were like young princes, clothed in silken garments of vivid color, which blended with the flames artistically. At first, startled by this remarkable picture, I failed to recognize any of the faces, or what it was that each individual carried, tucked under his arm. Others, with their volumes spread before them, were reading intently the contents of the pages. Then to my profound surprise, Robert Louis Stevenson bowed graciously, and I espied that he carried "Treasure Island"; next came Irving Bacheller, bearing "A Man for the Ages"; then close at his heels, Joseph Lincoln appeared, struggling valiantly to carry his vast number of quaint Cape Cod stories. Immediately from the rear, some recent acquaintances of mine became visible, among them William Shakespeare with his romance, tragedy, and comedy galore. In Shakespeare's train, the great number of players that were in his productions trooped in groups before me. Behind these, Richard Doddridge Blackmore, bowing twice, made me feel that he suspected my admiration for "Lorna Doone". After him, our American soldier writer, Lew Wallace, with his famous "Ben Hur", presented himself; next Victor Hugo, the renowned French author carrying "Les Miserables"; all of whom were followed by Charles Dickens, whose portrayal of men and women is marvelous. He carried the "Tale of Two Cities." Thackeray came next, with one of his books, "The Virginians". Then Sir Walter Scott passed, holding "Ivanhoe", and reminding me of more chivalrous days. Zane Grey appeared; giving one a restless desire for a bit of Western adventure; and at this opportune moment, Harold Bell Wright, with his winning book "When A Man's A Man". To such delightful fancy, at last there came the end, as there must to all reverie, which comes with the smouldering of the fire to ashes.

H. Wollison '24

In Memory of Rose Converse Baker

"All lost things are in the angels' keeping;
No part is dead for us, but only sleeping."

The Berkshire School for Crippled Children

The Berkshire School for Crippled Children was organized in 1917 as a summer camp. Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge offered the Society the Sprague Cottage on West St. for the purpose, while Mrs. W. Murray Crane of Dalton paid the expenses for the summer. During these three months fourteen boys were cared for and educational and vocational training were started on a very small scale. The results of the summer's work plainly showed that if this thing could continue throughout the year, it would be of great value to crippled children.

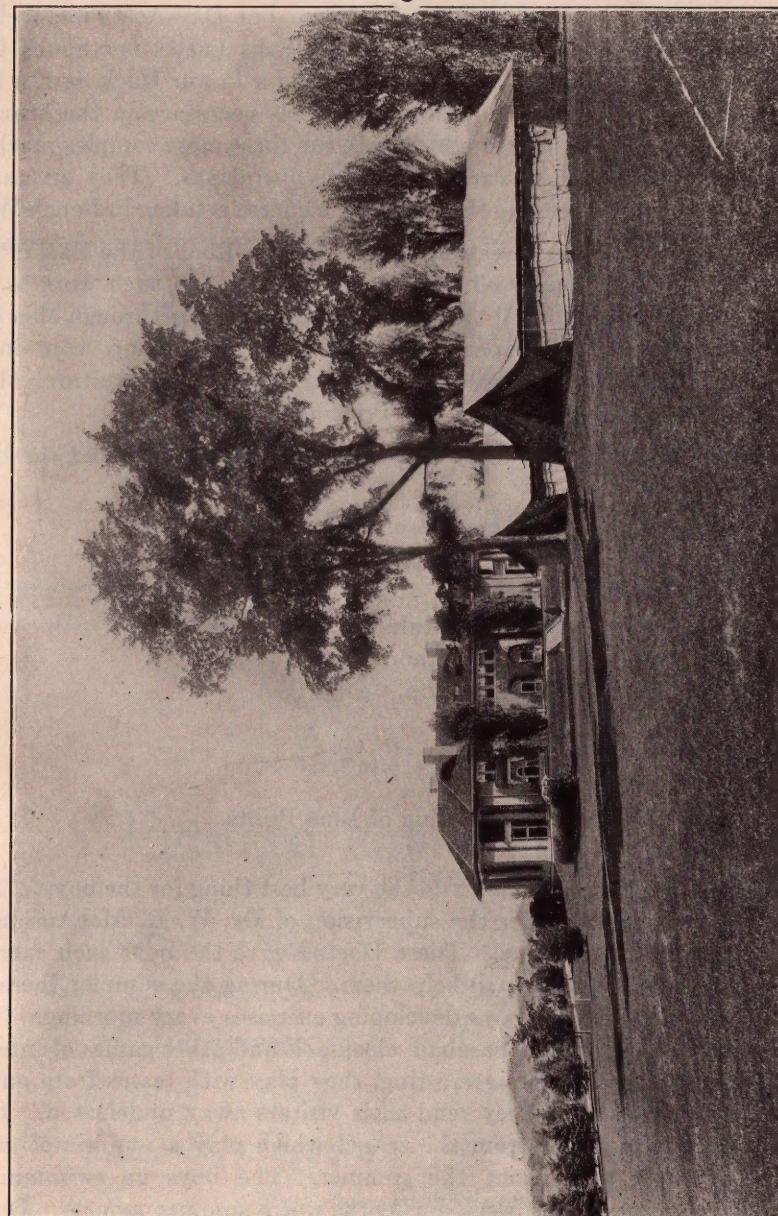
Again we were indebted to Mrs. Coolidge who now gave her entire estate, Upway Field, for the care of crippled children. This estate includes thirty-five acres of land, the Sprague Cottage, the beautiful stucco house, and garage. The work was again taken up in 1918 as a permanent school where crippled children could receive the very best training and care.

The School has developed remarkably under the idea of training cripples in the following ways: mentally, morally, and physically. A great effort is made by the boys in the Academic department, which all the boys of the school attend for three hours each day. They fully realize that during these three hours, they must accomplish as much as the public schools do in five hours; and their efforts are not made in vain, for they keep themselves up to the standard of the public schools, and in some cases surpass them. The school is divided into two divisions, the upper and the lower school. The lower school consists of pupils from the kindergarten through the fifth grade, who attend school in the morning from 9-12 and the shop in the afternoon from 2-4.30. The boys in the grades from six to eight go to shop in the morning from 9-11.30 and to school in the afternoon from 2-5.

The vocational training has been boosted in importance until it is at the present time one of the foremost issues of the school. The object of this department from the start was to give its pupils such training as would be of value to them in the branch of work they plan to do, so as to become self-supporting citizens. The boys are taught a number of different trades, so they may find one suited to their condition. After a pupil has decided as to the work he plans on doing, he receives special training that he may become an expert in this trade. The vocational department has six shops namely: Toy Shop No. 1, Toy Shop No. 2, Cabinet Shop, Machine Shop, Print Shop and garage. Toy shop No. 1 is used for Elementary Woodworking, Painting, Designing and Drawing classes and lecture-room. This shop is fully equipped with fifteen woodworking benches, a large painting bench, and cases for a display of the pupils' work.

Toy Shop No. 2 is equipped with eight woodworking benches and small power driven machines, namely: One Wallace Bench Planer, one Wallace Bench Saw, one Band Saw, and a Reed Wood-Turning Lathe. A cabinet containing hand tools is also kept in this room. In this shop pupils are trained in Woodworking which is the step between Elementary Woodworking and Cabinet-making.

The Cabinet Shop is equipped with the most modern power driven machines, namely: 2 American Wood-Turning Lathes, one American 30 in. Band Saw, one American Jointer or Buzz Planer, and one 12 in. American Variety



THE BERKSHIRE SCHOOL FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Saw Bench. It also contains six large woodworking benches and a wood-trimmer. Here the pupils are taught the use of machinery, cabinet making and pattern-making.

The Machine Shop contains one Buffalo Forge, one Oxy-Acetyline Welding Outfit, one Potter & Johnson Shaper, one Seneca Falls Lathe, one South Bend Lathe, one Prentiss Speed Lathe, one Drill Press and a Power Hack Saw, a large machine bench, and a tool-room containing all tools necessary in the branches of this work. The pupils are here taught how to run these more complex machines and are made familiar with the various machine operations. They are taught Forging and Welding. Proceeding this training, a course is taken in Bench Work.

The Print Shop under the direction of Mr. William Root of the Eagle Printing and Binding Co. has progressed greatly. The pupils do such work as programs, tickets, name-cards and all the School printing. It is through this shop that the Echo, the school paper, is published. The Shop contains a power driven Perfected Prouty Press, a composing cabinet, a furniture cabinet and all the necessary equipment for a Job Printing Shop.

The garage is used to dismantle and repair automobiles, an old car being used for the purpose.

The following are, in brief, the courses given:

1. Elementary Woodworking and Toy Making.
2. Advanced Woodworking.
3. (Wood) Cabinet and Pattern Making.
4. Elementary (Metal) Machine Shop.
5. Advanced (Metal) Machine Shop.
6. Oxy-Acetylne Welding.
7. Forging.
8. Printing.
9. Mechanical Drawing and Making of Blue Prints.
10. Elementary Electricity.

Physically every effort is made to do the very best thing for the boys. They receive expert medical care under the supervision of Dr. W. R. MacAusland of Boston, and several local Doctors. These Doctors give the boys such exercises to do each day, as they believe will help them. During the summer there is a physical director who gives the boys developing exercises every morning. They play games of basketball, soccer, baseball, clock-golf and other games of interest. To make their sports even more interesting, they play with teams from outside and it is a rare occasion when they send their visitors away undefeated. However, the boys organize teams from the school which play a number of games according to schedule throughout the summer. The boys go swimming at Pontoosuc Lake several times a week during the warm summer months. During the winter a short time is devoted to development exercises and some of the boys sleep on glassed-in porches. In short the physical training department does all it can to give the boys the best of food, plenty of exercise, fresh air and sleep.

There are on the average forty crippled boys at the School the year round who

receive the best of care in every respect. Forty, out of all the hundreds who are in need of just such training as the School can give. For this reason the Berkshire County Society is doing everything in its power to extend its splendid work not only to forty, but to the hundreds that are in need.

Charles W. Coyle '25



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STUDENT ACTIVITIES



SCHOOL NOTES

Tuesday, January 23, 1923

This morning from 8.30 to 9 o'clock, exercises were held in each home room, in connection with the raising of the \$1,000,000 fund needed to rebuild the Louvain Library, so heartlessly burned by the Germans on August 25, 1914. A collection was taken in each room, and the sum of \$100.78 (including Commercial and P. H. S.) will be sent to help in the restoration of this building. Pittsfield High School, in behalf of its contribution, will have the honor of having its name inscribed on the Roll of Honor in the great hall of the new library.

Thursday, February 15, 1923

All boys who are interested in Dartmouth College were met in the auditorium by the professor of education at that college, Mr. A. D. Wright, who discussed with them points concerning admission and college life.

The Home Economics department entertained the advisory committee for the Vocational Household Arts Course, with a luncheon at the High School on Thursday. This committee is composed of Mrs. H. G. Grinnell, Mr. C. C. Chesney and Mr. Robert F. Stanton. The luncheon was arranged, prepared, and served by members of the Home Economics department.

Friday, February 16, 1923

During the "A" period, Mr. Keaney, head of the physics department, took one of his classes through the Pittsfield Electric Plant.

ASSEMBLIES AND RALLIES

Friday, February 2, 1923

On Friday, the student body assembled in the auditorium during the "A" period for the purpose of giving to each member of the football team, and to Coach Carmody, a gold football. The speakers for this occasion were Mr. Gannon, superintendent of schools, Mr. Keegan, superintendent of the Boy's Club, Principal Roy M. Strout, and Coach Carmody. During the assembly cheers were given and the school songs were sung.

Afterward a meeting of the letter men was held for the purpose of electing a captain for the P. H. S. football team for 1923. Winthrop Gregory, a member of the squad last year, was chosen captain.

Friday, February 16, 1923

At 12:25, after recess, a basketball rally was held in the auditorium. The object was to arouse enough interest in the students, and especially the Freshmen, to secure the presence of five hundred at the basketball game between St. Josephs of North Adams and Pittsfield High on Saturday night. Bross Decker and William Parker spoke concerning the game; and Allen Backman, cheerleader, taught the students several new cheers.

The basketball team, which left at one o'clock for Waterbury where they played Wilby High School, was also given a fine send-off.

Monday, February 19, 1923

"Let Nothing Discourage You; Never Give Up!" This was the motto which Congressman Upshaw from Georgia taught the students of the Pittsfield and Commercial High Schools during his talk on "Pluck and Purpose". He told of the struggles he encountered while trying to secure an education, and of the difficulties because of his physical handicap. By bringing a personal element into his teaching, Mr. Upshaw made it very impressive and effective. At the close of his speech, the students gave him a cheer which truly expressed their feeling of admiration. It is evident from comments made afterward by the students, that Mr. Upshaw and his message will not soon be forgotten.

Elizabeth White '24

Clubs

Several new members have been added to the high school orchestra.

The Art Club meets with Mr. Dennison every Friday morning during the Club period. On February 16 he addressed the club members on works of art; and several modern artists were discussed. Several more students joined the club last week.

The members of the Radio Club have been busy lately working on their sets. Several have already completed their outfits.

Elizabeth White '24

The Student's Pen has lost in Edward Hickey one of the ablest editors-in-chief that it has ever had. At the meeting on February 16, the club began to study the writing of poetry. As a start several of the members composed a few lines while others gazed at the ceiling in quest of a lofty subject. The bell rang before they found it, but as "practice makes perfect" the result of the club's activity in this direction may eventually be some poems for the "Pen", which has sadly lacked them lately. From now on, school credit is to be given to those who do efficient work on the Pen Staff or in the Club.

Mary E. Beebe '24

The Rumford Baking Powder Company awarded prizes to the following members of the Household Arts Course for the best Baking Powder Biscuits.

1st prize, \$3.00
2nd prize, \$2.00
3rd prize, \$1.00

Margaret M. Court, 443 North St.
Vera Richmond, 31 Dexter St.
Marion Sincere, 271 East St.

Parker: "Say, don't you know that you shouldn't whistle in in the lobby like that?"

Snowball: "Boss, I ain't whistlin. I'se pagin' Missus Jones' dawg."

—Life

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Alumni Notes

Dorothy Leonard, '21 is in the business office of the Eagle newspaper.

Margaret Mulhuron, '20, holds a secretarial position with The People's Store in Albany. She is a graduate of Albany Business College.

Edith Baker, '21, has won honors at Oberlin College.

Evelyn Mapletoft, Eleanor Mapletoft, Margaret Marsh and Beatrice Rohan, graduates of Berkshire Business College, are holding positions in the city.

Anna Wood and Julia McMahon '22, have entered the telephone exchange as student operators.

Ruth Durant, Helen Chapin, and Mary Dobbins are attending Business College.

Ruth Mackie is at New Rochelle.

Chester Lanoue is with the Pittsfield Gas Company.

Ruth Strong, Catherine Humphryville and Isabel Hesse are at home.

P. H. S. representatives at North Adams Normal School are Irene Messier, Katherine Drennan, Blanche Olsted, Gladys Musgrove, and Elizabeth Cook of '21, Helen Reichard and Marion O'Malley of '22, also Mary Meagher and Anna Cain. Anna Hynes, Elaine Clug and Vivian Gilmartin '21 are at Westfield Normal.

Kathleen Carey, Ida Viale and Henry Barber are Sophomores at Syracuse University.

Tom Killian and George Conway study at M. I. T. and Roland Barnfather is at Dartmouth. Marion White is a Sophomore at Wellesley. Don Ferris '21 is at Cornell.

Irene Bliss is studying stage decoration at an Art School in New York City. Dorothy Brown has another year at Columbia.

Hubert Shepardson is at Harvard, and Christina Burns, Minerva Gardner and Helen Jenks study at Russell Sage.

J. E. Burt '21

Hay-seed: "Talking about large vegetables, I knew a man who raised a pumpkin so large that his two children used half each for a cradle."

Side-walk: "That's nothing. We have in town as many as three policemen sleeping on one beet."



Exchanges

The Student's Pen enjoyed reading last month's exchanges. We are looking forward to receiving this month's. We acknowledge the following papers: Albanian, Washington, D. C.; Academy News, Hartland, Maine; Argus, Waterbury, Conn.; Bumble "B", Boone, Iowa; Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.; Chips, Richmond, Vt.; Central High School Recorder, Columbia, Tenn.; Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass.; Central Recorder, Springfield, Mass.; Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.; Creighton, Omaha, Nebraska; Drury Academy, North Adams, Mass.; Echo, Pittsfield, Mass.; Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.; Gryphon, Ironton, Iowa; Garnet and Gray, Albany, N. Y.; Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; High School Review, Lowell, Mass.; High School Chronicle, Danbury, Conn.; Imp, Boston, Mass.; Lancastrian, Lancaster, N. H.; Messenger Proof Sheet, Annandale-on-the-Hudson, N.Y.; Newtonia, Newtonia, Iowa; Nut Shell, Stonington, Conn.; Netop, Turner's Falls, Mass.; News, Northwood, Iowa; Orange and Black, Middletown, Mass.; Opinion, Peoria, Ill.; Oberser, Ansonia, Conn.; Palmetto and Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Record Patchogue, N. Y.; Roman, Rome, Georgia; Red and Black, Boonton, N. J.; Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.; Ri-chu-r, Stowe, Vt.; Student's Review, Northampton, Mass.; Scarlet Tanager, Chatham, N. Y.; Sabre, Randolph-Mason Academy, Front Royal, Va.; Spectator, Chicopee, Mass.; Syracuse Daily Orange, Syracuse, N. Y.; Sheaf, Saskatchewan, Canada; Taconic, Williams-town, Mass.; Tatler, West Des Moines, Iowa; Top O' The Hill, Gorham, Mass.; Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.; Witchita Hi-Times, Witchita Falls, Texas; Ypsi Sem, Ypsilante, Mich.

Our Comments

The Albanian—A very newsy and interesting paper. We like the personal element.

The Echo—A very good paper. The pictures of the Cabinet Shop and the schoolroom add very much to it.

The Maverick—A very unusual paper and also interesting.

The Periscope—Your Athletic Department is good but we think that more stories would add to the paper.

Red and Gray—Your proverbs at the bottom of each page are fine. A good idea.

Their Comments

The Student's Pen—An interesting paper from cover to cover. All your departments seem well taken care of. In our opinion, however, it would improve the appearance of the magazine if the advertisements were confined to the first and last pages.—*The Albanian*.

The Student's Pen—An exceptionally well edited magazine, the departments being covered and arranged in a well balanced manner. The stories contained are above the average in quality. "Pep, Fate and Company" is perhaps the most interesting of the lot. The addition of more poems would be an improvement.—*The Creighton High*.

The Student's Pen—have dandy long literary departments. I read every story.—*The Red and Gray*.

The Student's Pen—Why not more news in proportion to your literary department?—*The Nut Shell*.

The Student's Pen—Your editorials and literary departments are splendid. You surely have wonderful school spirit.—*Student's Review*.

The Student's Pen—We take great pleasure in reading the Student's Pen and wish to congratulate the students for cooperation in its splendid success. We consider the addition of the commercial Department to be a very valuable one and feel sure it will create more membership and circulation as well as interest.

—*The Echo*

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ATHLETICS

First Game

St. Joseph's High (N. A.) 27—Pittsfield High 16

Pittsfield High was downed 27 to 16 by St. Joseph's High of North Adams at North Adams. This was Pittsfield's first league setback and came as quite a surprise. Danny Hawthorne, the clever left forward of the tunnel city five, was at his best. He tossed in six double-counters from the center of the floor. In fact, most of St. Joseph's shots were long. The local quintet passed well but fell down on short shots. Coach Carmody tried numerous combinations in order to win the game but none proved successful. Furthermore, Captain Dannybuski was guarded closely, and as a result, he failed to tally from the floor.

Pittsfield scored first when Heister made a floor basket but St. Joseph's soon wiped out the two point lead. At half-time the locals were behind 14 to 8.

Between halves Coach Carmody talked to his charges and they entered the second half with new life, registering three points and bringing the score 14 to 11. But Hawthorne lopped a couple of circus-shots and gave his team a safe lead.

When the final whistle blew, Pittsfield was trailing 27 to 16. Captain Dannybuski and Whalen displayed a fine brand of floorwork while Heister was Pittsfield's best scorer. Hawthorne and Smith starred for St. Joseph's.

The line-up:

St. Joseph's (N. A.)	Pittsfield			F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	
F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		
Hawthorne, l.f....	6....	5....	17	Ryan, l.f.....	0....	0....	0
Bowes, r.f.....	1....	0....	2	Stickles, l.f.....	1....	0....	2
Shields, c.....	0....	0....	0	Nelligan, l.f.....	0....	0....	0
Benoit, c.....	1....	0....	2	Dannybuski, r.f....	0....	6....	6
Rusek, l.g.....	2....	0....	4	Doyle, c.....	0....	0....	0
DeFonso, l.g.....	0....	0....	0	Abrahms, c.....	0....	0....	0
Smith, r.g.....	1....	0....	2	Controy, c.....	0....	0....	0
				Whalen, l.g.....	1....	0....	2
				Heister, r.g.....	3....	0....	6

Referee—Young.

Time 20 minute periods.

Second Game

Pittsfield High 28—Holyoke High 17

The crack Holyoke team, leaders in the Connecticut Valley League, was downed by Pittsfield High 28 to 17. The visitors came to Pittsfield with a record of nine straight victories only to be humbled here. Among the teams that were defeated by the Paper City boys, was Pittsfield High. The locals were glad to

settle for their 29 to 19 defeat earlier in the season at Holyoke. After the defeat at North Adams, Coach Carmody changed his line-up and this combination not only proved a winner but also the strongest that has represented the high school on the court this year. Captain Dannybuski played in the backfield and proved that this position is a good place for him.

Holyoke made four points before Pittsfield started. Dannybuski broke the ice with a double-counter and followed with a point from the penalty line. Another floor goal by Dannybuski put Pittsfield ahead. But McGill made two points on fouls. Whalen looped one in and Abrahms did likewise. Dannybuski caged a long shot and Abrahms followed with a basket giving Pittsfield a 13 to 6 lead. McGill counted on a free try and Abrahms tossed a double counter, the half ending with Pittsfield leading 17 to 7.

McGill started the scoring in the second half with a floor basket. Dannybuski and Whalen followed with double-counters. Two fouls committed by Pittsfield gave Holyoke four points as McGill made good on all four tries. Dannybuski followed with two points from the penalty line and a dandy basket. Heister made a floor goal and Dannybuski tossed in three fouls.

Dannybuski and Whalen starred for Pittsfield, while Merriam and McGill did the best work for Holyoke.

The line-up:

Pittsfield High	Holyoke High						
F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		
Heister, l.f.....	1....	0....	2	McGill, l.f., c.....	2....	9....	13
Abrahms, r.f.....	3....	0....	6	Walkoy, l.f., r.f....	0....	0....	0
Controy, c.....	0....	0....	0	Kenney, c., r.f....	0....	0....	0
Whalen, l.g.....	2....	0....	4	Williamson, r.f....	0....	0....	0
Heister, r.g....	5....	6....	16	Lyons, c.....	0....	0....	0
				Merriam, l.g.....	2....	0....	4
				Carroll, r.g.....	0....	0....	0
				Fitzpatrick, r.c....	0....	0....	0
Totals	11....	6....	28	Totals	4....	9....	17
Referee—Stewart.				Time—20 minute halves.			

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Third Game**Gloversville High 40—Pittsfield High 35**

Pittsfield High was defeated by Gloversville High 40 to 38 in an overtime game at Gloversville. The contest was a thriller, one filled with many tense moments and an abundance of color. A capacity crowd saw the Empire State boys eke out a victory in the overtime period.

Gloversville started off at a fast clip and at the beginning of the game, Pittsfield seemed unable to find itself. But in a short length of time by brilliant passwork and accurate shooting from all angles of the court, Coach Carmody's tossers were in the lead. When the first half was over Pittsfield was leading 19 to 15.

In the middle of the second half Gloversville knotted the count and forged ahead. With five minutes of play remaining, and when the New York state quintet had a four point advantage, Heister dropped two neat baskets tying the count, which sent the contest into an extra period.

During the extra period Gloversville made four points and Heister came through with another double-counter. But Gloversville nosed out the local aggregation by two points.

Pittsfield played a fine game. The passwork and accurate shooting pleased the fans greatly.

Captain Dannybuski, Abrahms and Heister played the best for Pittsfield, while Broadbent and Armstrong starred for Gloversville. Controy and Whalen were unable to make the trip.

The line-up:

Gloversville

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Garlock, l.f.	1	0	2
Armstrong, r.f.	9	4	22
Broadbent, c.	4	0	8
Slade, l.g.	2	0	4
Peris, r.g.	2	0	4

Score at half-time: Pittsfield 19—Gloversville 15.
Score at end of the second half: 34—34.
Referee—Isabel.

Fourth Game**Pittsfield High 55—Lenox High 21**

Pittsfield High trounced Lenox High 55 to 21 in a runaway affair at the Boy's Club. Captain Dannybuski and his tossers were pressed hard in the first half, but had an easy time during the second half of the fracas. Having tasted of defeat the night before at Gloversville, the local tossers were determined to register a win.

Lenox scored first when Butler and Hughes each made a floor basket. Stickles, who gained fame in the Dalton game, came through with a double-counter making Pittsfield's first score. Dannybuski followed with a point from the

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Nelligan, l.f.	3	0	6
Abrahms, r.f.	5	0	10
Campion, c.	0	0	0
Dannybuski, l.g.	4	8	16
Heister, r.g.	3	0	6

Time—20 minute halves.
Referee—Stewart.

penalty line. Butler made another floor goal. Abrahms and Controy heaved shots putting Pittsfield ahead. Lenox then opened an offense which netted six points. But Teddy Abrahms kept Pittsfield in the running by caging four floor baskets. Pittsfield High led at half time.

In the second half Coach Carmody's charges found their bearings and scored at random. Furthermore Lenox failed to tally from floor. The local team passed fine and gave a dandy exhibition of shooting. Abrahms made five more baskets in this half while Dannybuski tossed in eight. During the second half Coach Carmody sent second string men in the game.

The line-up:

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Nelligan, l.f.	3	0	6
Stickles, l.f., c.	1	0	2
Abrahms, r.f.	10	0	20
Controy, c.	2	0	4
Dannybuski, l.g.	8	1	17
Heister, r.g., l.f.	2	0	4
Doyle, r.g., c.	1	0	2

Totals 27 1 55

Referee—Stewart.

Lenox

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
McGee, l.f.	1	0	2
O'Brien, l.f.	0	0	0
Hughes, r.f.	1	0	2
Butler, c.	4	7	15
Lyons, l.g.	1	0	2
Cooney, l.g.	0	0	0
Barry, r.g.	0	0	0

Totals 7 7 21

Time—20 minute halves.

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Fifth Game

Pittsfield High 26—Drury High 23

Pittsfield High nosed out its old rival, Drury High, 23 to 26, in an exciting game at the Boy's Club. The contest started off as if it would result in an easy victory for the local tossers, but made a strong come-back and made things real interesting. Captain Dannybuski figured prominently in the victory as did Controy and Whalen. Controy played the best game of his career. He caged four double-counters and played a great game on the defense.

"Lefty" Whalen started the scoring by dribbling his way to the hoop and sinking a basket. Patashnick counted on a free try. Dannybuski made two points in the same manner, and Controy followed with a basket. Captain Dannybuski then caged two twin-counters in succession. Rosch sank a long shot but Abrahms followed with a floor basket. Kelly did likewise and Patashnick added a point from the penalty line. Twine registered a basket and Patashnick counted on a free try. The first half ended with Pittsfield leading 13 to 9.

Patashnick made two floor goals and tied the score. Controy then sent the Pittsfield rooters into state of ecstasy by scoring twice from floor. Again Patashnick scored, by looping one from the center of the floor. Dannybuski counted twice on free tries followed by an easy shot on the part of Kelly. Dannybuski made good on a charity toss and Patashnick did likewise. A personal foul inside the two try zone tied the score as Patashnick counted both times. Kelly then sent Drury ahead by a long shot. Dannybuski made good on two free tries and followed with a floor basket putting Pittsfield ahead. Patashnick followed with a free try and Controy again delighted the Pittsfield contingent by registering a twin-counter. Dannybuski made the final score of the game on a charity toss.

The line-up:

Pittsfield High

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Heister, l.f.	0	0	0
Nelligan, l.f.	0	0	0
Abrahms, r.f.	1	0	2
Controy, c.	4	0	8
Dannybuski, l.g.	3	8	14
Whalen, r.g.	1	0	2

Totals 9... 8... 26

Referee—Stewart.

Drury High

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Patashnick, l.f.	3	7	13
Kelly, r.f.	3	0	6
Sweeney, c.	0	0	0
Madison, c.	0	0	0
Rosch, l.g.	1	0	2
Levine, r.g.	1	0	2

Totals 8... 7... 23

Time—20 minute halves.

Sixth Game

Pittsfield High 39—Dalton High 9

Pittsfield High made it three straight by defeating Dalton High 39 to 9 at Dalton. Captain Dannybuski returned to his old position at forward and starred. The flashy leader tossed in eight baskets and two charity tries. "Lefty" Whalen played a good game also.

Pittsfield scored first when Dannybuski made good on a free try. Pomeroy

of Dalton heaved a sensational basket and put his team ahead. But Coach Carmody's tossers soon wiped out the one-point lead and scored at random. During the second half, Dalton managed to score but once.

The line-up:

Pittsfield High

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f.	8	2	18
Abrahms, r.f.	4	0	8
Controy, c.	3	1	7
Heister, l.g.	2	0	4
Whalen, r.g.	1	0	2

Totals 18... 3... 39

Referee—Boulter.

Dalton High

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Murray, l.f.	0	0	0
Carmel, l.f.	1	0	2
Glendon, r.f.	1	1	3
Davison, c.	1	0	2
Harrington, l.g.	0	0	0
Pomeroy, r.g.	1	0	2
Richards, r.g.	0	0	0

Totals 4... 1... 9

Time—20 minute halves.

Winthrop "Wallie" Gregory, '24, center for the last three years on the Pittsfield High eleven was unanimously elected captain of the 1923 football team at a meeting of the letter men. "Wallie" played on the team during his first year at the local institution and earned a place during the past two seasons. He is popular in the football circles. Furthermore he plays a clean but hard game. Best wishes for the 1923 season, "Wallie".

Wilby High 32—Pittsfield High 29

Wilby High handed Pittsfield High a 32 to 29 defeat at Waterbury. Coach Carmody's boys gave the strong Nutmeg quintet quite a scare as the Berkshire boys were leading 15 to 8 at half time. But due to the good work of Connors, a former Brooklyn A. C. player, the Wilby tossers downed Pittsfield. It was not until the latter part of the game that the Purple and White aggregation was forced to trail. Dannybuski and Abrahms played the best for Pittsfield while Murphy starred for Wilby. The line-up:

Wilby

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Hadley, l.f.	4	0	8
Murphy, r.f.	2	8	12
Connors, r.f., c.	4	0	8
Sperring, c.	2	0	4
O'Neil, l.g.	0	0	0
Navin, r.g.	0	0	0

Totals 12... 8... 32

Referee—Hart.

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f.	4	7	15
Abrahms, r.f.	3	0	6
Controy, c.	1	0	2
Whalen, l.g.	1	0	2
Huster, r.g.	2	0	4

Totals 11... 7... 29

Time—20 minute periods.

Pittsfield High 22—St. Joseph's (N. A.) 20

By defeating St. Joseph's of North Adams 22 to 20, Pittsfield High moved into first place in the North Berkshire League and atoned for the 27 to 16 defeat at North Adams earlier in the season. The local quintet was trailing at half time 15 to 13. But the Purple and White tossers entered the second stanza with new life and emerged victors from the hard-fought contest. Captain Dannybuski played his usual fine game and did extremely well at the foul line, scoring twelve times "Fifty". Whalen also played well and was the only regular playing when the final toot of the whistle sounded as Huster, Abrahms, Controy and Dannybuski were banished by the personal foul rule. Bowes and Hawthorne were also chased for the same reason.

Too much credit cannot be given to "Joe" Garrity. "Joe" made his debut, and made it in a fitting manner. In fact all the substitutes were reliable and full of fighting spirit. After Hawthorne's banishment, St. Joseph's was at a great loss as none of the other players could shoot fouls with much accuracy. Tom Finn held the whistle and it seems that nothing escaped the arbitrator's eye.

The Purple and White contingent went into an uproar when Dannybuski made good on a free try and followed with a floor basket. The peerless leader then came through with three more points from foul line. Hawthorne made a point in the same manner and caged a floor goal. Abrahms tossed a floor goal and Hawthorne did likewise. St. Joseph's went ahead when Hawthorne made good on four charity tosses but Dannybuski tied the count on a free try. Bowes

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registered a floor goal, and Hawthorne caged a point from the 15 ft. line. Nelligan, who had just entered the game, shot a double-counter. Dannybuski again tied the count when he added a point from the penalty mark. At this stage of the game, Referee Finn ejected "Bob" Heister by calling foul No. 4 on the popular guard. Hawthorne ended the scoring by making good on three free trys. Score: St. Joseph's 15—Pittsfield 12.

Hawthorne scored the first point of the second frame on a free try. Abrahms came through with a floor goal. Hawthorne scored a point and so did Dannybuski. Here Hawthorne made his exit. Controy tied the score with a floor goal but Smith registered a point. Pittsfield went into the lead when Dannybuski sank two fouls. Controy, Bowes, and Abrahms were forced to leave. Dannybuski tossed a single counter but Rusek tied the score with two free tries. Dannybuski added two more points on fouls before he was exiled. The scoring ended. The line-up:

Pittsfield High

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f.	1	12	14
Stickles, l.f.	0	0	0
Abrahms, r.f.	2	0	4
Nelligan, r.f.	1	0	2
Controy, c.	1	0	2
Doyle, c.	0	0	0
Whalen, l.f.	0	0	0
Heister, r.g.	0	0	0
Garrity, r.g.	0	0	0

Totals

5...12...22

Referee—Finn.

St. Joseph's High

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Hawthorne, l.f.	2	11	15
Bowes, r.f.	1	0	2
Goodermote, r.f.	0	0	0
Shields, c.	0	0	0
Rusek, l.g.	0	2	2
Smith, r.g., l.f.	0	1	1
De Fonzo, r.g.	0	0	0

Totals

3...14...20

Time 20 minute periods.

(He must have been a Senior)
Said I, "What books would you select,
The seasons to beguile,
If you were doomed to spend your life,
Upon a desert isle?"

The student raised his weary head,
And smiled,—a weary smile.

"One book alone," he made reply,
"Called Trigonometry,
And I would grasp it by the neck,
And throw it in the sea.
Then all the isle would echo with
My wild and fiendish glee."

Marcel Le Claire '24



Ye Poll Parrot

E. Lesure: "I hear your room-mate has a baby saxophone."
M. White: "Yeh, and it'll be an orphan soon."

K. Volin: "Going to that appendix operation this afternoon?"
E. Bagg: "No; I hate those organ recitals."

Mr. Larkin (to Malloy who is staring into space): "What are you studying?"
Molloy (desperately): "Mental Arithmetic."

Miss Power: "Where did you put that comma in that sentence?"
Leonard: "Behind Mary's hat."

Miss Clifford: "How does the Starfish move?"
K. Forrest: "In both directions like a trolley car."

Some Freshies are so dumb that they think:
 Long Island Sound makes a noise.
 That a baseball coach has wheels.
 That Grace Hall is a chorus girl.

"What's six and six?"
 "Twelve."
 "Very good."
 "Good:—darn: it's perfect."

Speaker: "Success, gentlemen, has four conditions."
Harry: "Tough luck will kick it out of P. H. S."

Mr. Hayes: "Your diction is absurd. How can a man hatch out a plan?"
Smart Pupil: "He might have his mind set on it."

Miss Morse: "What is a modernist Painter?"
E. Crierie: "An artist who would paint Paul Revere riding through Middlesex in a Ford."

Hot: "What's all the excitement over in the freak show?"
Dog: "Some one told Tattooed Bill he was a marked man."

Mr. Hayes: "Was your poem accepted by the Era?"
Erminie: "Yes; I enclosed a two cent stamp and they published it to get the stamp."

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Miss Mills: "The examination is in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions?"

B. Parker: "Yeh! Who's the printer?"

Senior: "I got 50 per cent on my intelligence test."

Freshmen: "Oh! So that makes you a half unit, doesn't it?"

Inquisitive: "What are the lower classes?"

Smart One: "The ones that get the upper berths in the Pullman Sleepers."

"Gee! I'm thirsty."

"How's that?"

"My tongue is outa my shoe."

They say a cat has nine lives, but a frog croaks every night.

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H. E. STORY

W. W. TURNER

F. Bastow: "They call my girl Spearmint."

B. Skinner: "Why? Is her name Wrigley?"

F. Bastow: "No, but she's always after meals."

Doug? Have you seen "The O'Brien Girl?"

Sam: Not lately. "She's been in the conservatory with Jack for the last six dances."

I. Patnode: "I haven't slept for days."

J. Macbeth: "S'matter old dear? Sick?"

I. Patnode: "No, I slept nights."

Senior to Freshie: "Go wan, you're so dumb that you think O. B. Joyful is a Christmas Carol."

"There goes a guy that's making lots of money rattling the bones."

"Oh, a gambler?"

"Nope an osteopath."

"Tis better to keep silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt."

Visitor: "You can't name one great man that your school has turned out."

Mr. Knight: "No, we always allow them to stay and graduate."

B. Jordan: "I have just sixteen winters."

One of her many: "Oh! I see; you spent the rest of them in Florida."

Young Hopeful: "Dad, does the Lord Almighty own a Chevrolet, too?"

His Dad: "Great Scott, no, my son. Whatever put that idea into your head?"

Young Hopeful: "Well, at Sunday School, we had a hymn that went; 'If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on High.'"

Pitts: "Do you think the end of the world is near?"

Field: "Well, it's nearer than ever before."

N. Bridges: "Give me a glass of charged water."

L. Wood: "Nothin' doin'. You gotta pay cash."

The Six

Tho for a boy, it was absurd,
Of books young Tommy far preferred
Not school books, but the sort that stirred,
The six best sellers.

In school he took no premiums,
For certain boys would do no sums,
He courted as his dearest chums,
The best six fellers.

And since young Tommy did insist
That school books ought not to exist
His name was never on the list
Of six best spellers.

When he was called on to recite,
And found himself in speechless plight,
The one who whispered answers right,
Were six best spellers.

But when it came to games of ball,
No boy could louder scream or call
For Tommy then and there beat all
The six best yellers.

Geraldine Robarge '25

Clif: "Do you go to church to hear the sermon or the music?"
Frances: "Neither, I go for the hymns."

H. Patten: "Guess I'll take my violin case up to Peg's. I've a lot of shopping to do."

V. Waugh: "What 'cha gotta get?"

H. Patten: "A Hair net."

To High School Students

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Agnes: "Are we going to a musical show?"

N --: "Yeah—it begins at eight sharp and the tickets cost two flat."

K. Whalen: "This coffee is nothing but mud."

Waiter: "Yes sir: it was ground this morning."

Mrs. Bennett (disgustedly): "White, what do you intend to be when you graduate?"

Mort: "An old man."

Miss Pfeiffer: "Where's your excuse?"

Neill: "I ain't got none."

Miss Pfeiffer: "Where's your grammar?"

Neill: "She went home with my grandpa."

Miss Powers: "Did you ever read, 'The Key to Success?'"

H. Heneau: "No, who is the author?"

Miss Powers: "Ernest N. Dever."

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